

*FRONTISPIECE.**THE LAUGHING COMPANIONS.*

LAUGH and be FAT;

OR

FOOD FOR ALL PARTIES:

THE

SPANGLED LORD,

COUNTRY 'SQUIRE,

JOLLY SAILOR,



HEARTY FARMER,

MERRY SOLDIER,

JOHN THE FOOTMAN,

AND DOLLY THE DAIRY MAID.

A GENERAL COLLECTION OF THE BEST

JESTS,

Calculated to banish SORROW, relieve CARE, and make the  
HEART MERRY:

The Whole containing all the WIT of the present Times, and  
suited to all Capacities that are disposed for  
MIRTH AND GOOD-HUMOUR.

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*If you want a Droll and Comic Tale,  
Read but this Book you'll never fail.*

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# LAUGH and be FAT;

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## FOOD FOR ALL PARTIES.

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THE Emperor Sigismund was reproached for rewarding instead of destroying his enemies, and by that means gave them the power again to injure him. *What,* said the noble-minded monarch, *do not I destroy mine enemies when I make them my friends?*

A French clergyman whose parishioners had many of them not made the most honourable exit out of this bad world, insisted when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, *Because I know as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged.*

Henry Stevens relates an anecdote of a dwarfish man who had espoused such a gigantic woman, that he was obliged to clime upon the table if he wanted to kiss her. This woman, says our author, when her husband was vexed, or out of humour, would look down as if from a two

pair of stairs window, and ask *who it was that kept grumbling there below.*

A tatling fellow came and told a person of whom he had very little knowledge, a secret of the utmost consequence to himself, begging for God's sake that the other would not tell it again. *Never fear,* said the person, *I shall at least be as discreet as yourself.*

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely ever before Malherbe fell asleep; but was awaked by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. *I beseech your Grace,* said Malherbe, *to excuse me; I can sleep exceedingly well where I am.*

A certain auctioneer's coach happened a few years ago, to prevent some noblemen's carriages from drawing up after the play, Lord——desired the coachman to drive off; at the same time calling to the owner, *Mr. Auctioneer your coach is going! a going! It's gone!* to the great mortification of the auctioneer, and the mirth of every one present.

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other—*arra! Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains!*—*No honey!* replied he, *no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life.*

A Dean of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church preferments, travelling slowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parson who had somehow procured the loan of a good horse. The parson *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the dean? who desiring him to stop, begged he would call at the  
Mermaid

Mermaid at Rochester, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, told him he would be honoured with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner. *For how many, and please you honour?* says Bonnilace. *Why,* replies the parson, *I can't well say how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Cannon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King's chaplains.* The parson then proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the Dean arrived a large table was set out, and the cloth laid, *How's this,* cries his reverence *you have shewn me the wrong room; this surely is intended for a large company.* — And please your honour replied the landlord, *Parson Single church called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Cannon of Winchester, and the Provost of Litchfield, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King's chaplains too, and I don't know how many more; and so I thought, and please your honour, I'd get enough.* — Oh, very well, coolly answered the dean, who now recollected himself, *I ought to have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have staid and dined with me.*

A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, said, for all she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense. Yes, says a pretty young female in company, *Country sense.* Why faith, madam, says the fellow, *country sense is better sometimes than London impudence.*

A gentleman in king Charles the II'd's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thousand promises, at length resolved to see the king himself; so getting himself introduced, he told his Majesty what pretensions he had to his favour, and boldly



asked him for the place just then vacant. The king hearing his story, told him he had just given the place away. Upon which the gentleman made a very low obeisance to the king, and thanked him extremely; which he repeated often. The king observing how over thankful he was, called him again, and asked the reason, why he gave him such extraordinary thanks, when he had denied him his suit: The rather and please your majesty, replied the gentleman, than if you gave me a thousand put-offs; but your majesty has sav'd me all that trouble, and generously given me my answer at once. *God's filth, said the king, thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty.*

A merry drolling fellow, who lived with a lady that was just on the point of matrimony, being sent with a how d'ye to an acquaintance of her's, who lived a few miles off, was asked how his lady did; Ah, dear madam, replied the fellow, *she can never live long in this condition.*

A person advising a lady in town to marry a country gentleman; to recommend the match in the stronger termes, told her it would be more convenient for her, because his concerns in the country joined to her's. Ay, says the lady, *but his concerns shall never join to mine in the city.*

A lady observing in company how glorious and useful a body the sun was—The sun to be sure says an Irish gentleman present, is a very fine body, but in my opinion, the moon is much more useful: for the moon affords us light *in the night-time when we really want it*, whereas we have the sun with us only in the day time, when we have no occasion for it.

A miser, having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one that would bring it him. An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman; demanding the ten pounds. But the miser,  
to

to baffle him, alledged there were a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man however, was advised to sue for the money; and when the cause came on to be tried, it appeared that the seal had not been broken nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel—The bag you lost had an hundred and ten pounds in it, you say. Yes, my lord, says he. Then replied the judge, according to the evidence given in court it cannot be your money; *for here are only an hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears.*

A late chancellor of the Exchequer, who lived in the house at present occupied by Mr. Pitt, and which belongs to that office, on quitting it after his dismissal, protested he would never again live in a *house of office*.

A booby of a country squire, who made an *honest woman* of his father's chambermaid bolted into the room when she was in labour, and blubbering over her with great tendernefs, fobbed out, that he was sorry she felt so much pain on his account. ~Don't make thyself uneasy, love, said the wife, I can't bear to see thee fret, for I am sure it was *not thy fault*.

The Marquis de la Scallas, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided; some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his Excellency.—Soon after which the Major-Domo entered the dining-room in a great hurry, and told the Marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy; for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. Regard not the price! cried the Marquis; pay the money directly. So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money.—What then would the fellow have? An hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he

will not bate a single blow. On this the whole company ran down stairs to see so singular a man.—A fine fish! cried the Marquis; what is your demand, my friend? Not a quatrini, my lord, answered the fisherman; I will not take money.—If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me an *hundred lashes of the strappada on my naked back*; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere.—Rather than lose the fish, said the Marquis, we must e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here, cried he, to one of his grooms, discharge this honest man's demands; but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much.—The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship's orders.—Now, my friend, said the fisherman, keep an exact account I beseech you; for I don't desire a single stroke more than my due. The Whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when addressing himself to the servant—Hold, my friend, cried the fisherman; I have now had my full share of the price.—*Your share!* exclaimed the Marquis; what is the meaning of all this? My lord, returned the fisherman, I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged, that he shall have full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and bye own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke.—And pray, my honest friend, said the Marquis, who is this partner? Your porter, my lord, answered the fisherman, who keeps the outer gate, and refused to admit me unless I would promise him *half* what I should obtain for the fish. Ho, ho! exclaimed the Marquis, laughing very heartily, by the blessing of heaven he shall have double his demand in full tale. The porter was accordingly sent for, and being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might, till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The Marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins, desiring him to call annually for the like



like sum, as a recompence for the friendly service he had done him.

As the late Mr. Rich, whose abilities as a harlequin are universally known, was returning home from the play-house in a hackney coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare-Market. Just as the coach passed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it to be open, dexterously threw himself out at the coach window into the room.—The coachman, who saw nothing of this transaction, descended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the step; then taking off his hat, he waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight; but at length looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to the stand, when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himself into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving, and desired him to turn about. The coachman, almost petrified with fear, instantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out; and after reproaching the fellow with stupidity, tendered him his money.—No, God bless your honour, said the coachman, my master has ordered me to take no money to night.—Pshaw, said Rich, your master's a fool; here's a shilling for yourself. No, no, said the coachman, who by that time had remounted his box, that won't do. *I know you too well, for all your shoes: and so, Mr. Devil, for once you are out-witted.*

The late Lady Tyrawly, who was very short-sighted, being on a christening visit, her ladyship waited below stairs a considerable time with much impatience to see the child, which was to be brought down to her. The footman, in the mean time, entered the apartment with a coal scuttle; who approaching the fire, near which her ladyship was seated, she immediately rose, and being



extremely desirous of complimenting the family, with a thousand common-place observations on the bantling, run on in the following manner, with great volubility.—La! it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld! my lord duke's *nose*, my lady duchess's *mouth*; my dear nurse, this is an universal joy; *for sure no mother ever had so sweet a creature!* The company stared; and her ladyship, who did not discover her error, called for her chair, congratulated herself on having paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his Grace's dear delightful baby.

A Master of Arts being reduced to extreme poverty begged some relief of a locksmith, who was at work in his shop. The smith asked him why he had not learned some art, to get his living by, rather than thus to go about begging. Alas! replied the scholar, I am a master of *seven*. Of *seven*! replied the locksmith; they must be sorry ones indeed, then, since they are not able to keep you; for my part, I have only *one*, as you see, which maintains *seven* of us; myself, my wife, and *five* children.

At the beginning of the revolution, several persons of rank, who had been zealously seaviceable in bringing about this event, but who at the same time had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments under government; when the Earl of Halifax Being consulted on the propriety of admitting those claims. I remember, said his lordship, to have read in history, that Rome was saved by the *geese*, but I do not recollect that those geese were made *consuls*.

The Emperor Solyman, that haughty sovereign of the Turks, whose talents were so great, and whose ambition was without bounds; in his attack on hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly, that  
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some of his soldiers had carried off her cattle, in which consisted the whole of her wealth. You must then have been in a *very deep sleep*, said the Sultan, smiling, if you did not hear the robbers. Yes, my sovereign, replied the woman, I did sleep soundly, but it was in the fullest confidence, that your highness *watched for the public safety*. The prince who had an elevated mind, far from resenting this freedom, made her ample amends for the loss which she had sustained.

A late popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and being returned, preferred a petition to the house of commons, retaining a certain eminent counsel, with a fee of fifty guineas.—Just before this business was about to come into the house, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his political sentiments, sent word he could not possibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in vain, he would not, by any means, consent either to plead or return the money; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that the law was open, and that he might have recourse, if he conceived himself injured. No, no, sir, replied the spirited client, I was weak enough to *give you a fee*, but I am not quite fool enough to go to *law with you*; as I perceive my whole fortune may be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I find one honest barrister to plead for me. *I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket!* Then taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor; and protested that before he quitted the room he would either have his money or satisfaction. The money was accordingly returned; but losing so able an advocate, the justice of his cause prevented not the failure of his application.

A certain colonel who made the fine fire-works in St. James's-Square, to celebrate the peace of Ryfwick, being

in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph just then set up in the abbey, on Mr. Purcell's monument—

*He is gone to that place where only his own harmony can be exceeded.*

Lord, Colonel, said one of the ladies, the same epitaph might serve you, by altering a single word :

*He is gone to that place where only his own fire-works can be exceeded.*

His present Majesty happened to see the Rev. Dr. \*\*\*\* at the play, expressed some surprise at seeing a divine at such a representation. Sire, replied the doctor, I am not ashamed at being at any place where the *head of the church* thinks proper to be present.

A chimney-sweeper in a certain borough town, being one of the last voters at a violent contested election, was strongly pressed by each candidate to honour him with his vote. The fellow, who was for some time at a loss to tell which fine gentleman most merited his suffrage, at last recollecting that he had often heard of kissing hands among the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unless they would kiss his hand. One of them accordingly came forward, and having, in vain, endeavoured to persuade the sweep to dispense with so disagreeable a ceremony, actually saluted his sooty fingers; after which, confidently claiming the expected reward.—No, no, says the chimney-sweeper, I shan't vote for you; for I am very sure, he that would *kiss my hand* would kiss the *minister's a—se*.

A collection was made to build the hospital of bedlam. Those who were employed to gather this money, came to a small house, the door of which was half open, from  
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the entry they overheard an old man scolding the servant maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling the fire, had afterwards indiscreetly thrown it away, without reflecting, that the match still having the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might have been of further service.—After diverting themselves a while with the dispute, they knocked, and presenting themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as he had told him the cause of their coming, he went into a closet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their presence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, and testifying their surprise, told the old fellow what they had heard. Gentlemen, said he, your surprise is occasioned by a thing of little consequence. I keep house, and save and spend money my own way; the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other; and both equally gratify my inclinations. With regard to benefactions and donations, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their own accounts. When he had thus spoken, he turned them out of the house without further ceremony, and shut the door, not thinking *half so much of the four hundred guineas which he had just given away, as of the match that had been thrown into the fire.*

The late Doctor Franklin, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. In his journey he stopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive, even to impertinence, into the business of every stranger.—The Doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had set himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. The Doctor well knew the disposition of these people; he apprehended, that, after having answered his questions, others would come in, and go over the same ground, so he determined to stop him. Have you a wife, landlord? Yes, sir,  
Pray



Pray let me see her.—Madam was introduced with much form.—How many children have you? Four, sir. I should be happy to see them. The children were sought, and introduced. How many servants have you? Two, sir, a man and a woman. Pray fetch them. When they came the doctor asked if there were any other persons in the house; and being answered in the negative, addressed them with much solemnity: My good friends, I sent for you here to give you an account of myself. My name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of — years of age, reside at Philadelphia, and am going from thence to Boston; I sent for you all, that if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you, which done, *I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace.*

When Spencer had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer 20l. Reading on, he cried in rapture, Carry that man another 20l. proceeding still, he said, give him 20l. more. But, at length, he lost all patience, and said, Go, turn that fellow out of the house, *for if I read on I shall be ruined.*

In an assembly the other day, the conversation happened to turn upon a new publication, which was highly praised by a nobleman, who had just perused it. A person in company, understanding, from what the nobleman said, that he was a stranger to the author, went in quest of him, knowing him to be hard by, and introduced him to the nobleman; at the same time, intimating, that he stood in need of pecuniary assistance. His lordship coldly told the author he liked the work very well, and drawing out his purse, made him a present of it; in which was *sixty-two guineas.*

That

That admired son of the comic muse, Mr. Quick, belonging to the Liverpool company of comedians, at the time the celebrated Naval Review at Portsmouth made so much noise in the world; one of the gentlemen of the theatre, after saluting Mr. Quick one morning in the Green Room, whipt open his waistcoat, the ladies set up a loud laugh, which the wag heightened, by observing, the ladies had an opportunity of seeing a *Naval Review* without going to Portsmouth.

A man going home late at night was stopped by the patrols, and asked where he was going: He being intoxicated with liquor, told them, he came from where they would like to have been, and was going where they dare not come for their ears. They then asked his name and where he lived. My name, says he, is seven and twenty shillings, and where I live is out of the king's dominions. Upon which they took him to the watch-house. The next day he was examined before the justice, for the impertinent answers given to the patrols. Upon which he said, Please your worship, I was at a punch-house, where I had good liquor, which made me say, they would *wish to be there*; and was going home to my wife, where they had *no right to come*; my name is *moidore*; and I live in *Little Britain*. This answer so pleased the Justice that he was discharged immediately.

A cardinal, highly in the confidence of Pope Alexander the Sixth, told him one day, that it would be expedient to banish the physicians out of Rome, for they were entirely useless. No, says the Pope, they are quite the *reverse*; for without them the *world would increase so fast, that one could not live by another*.

The famous Rabelias followed the Cardinal of Lorrain to Rome, and attended on him as his physician.—This prelate being gone to pay his duty to the new Pope, Gregory XIII. was, according to custom, admitted to the  
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the honour of kissing his holiness's toe. Rabelais, who was present, appearing surprised and shocked at the sight of such a beastly action, hasted out of the room, and went away. The cardinal on his return home asked him angrily, what made him run away before he was presented to the pontiff, with the gentlemen of his retinue.—I crave your Eminency's pardon, answered Rabelais; but seeing you, who are a cardinal, a great prince, and my master, *kiss the Pope's toe*, I thought the greatest honour that could fall to my share would be to *kiss his holiness's backside*.

King James the First gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and he took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers: By my faul, returned the peer, he that made your majesty a king, *spoiled the best fool in Christendom*.

A young gentleman desirous of being admitted into the law, was asked a question by one of the gentlemen of the long robe: Suppose, says he, your client had a debt owing him of nine pounds nineteen shillings, and the plaintiff was going to leave the country; How would you act? Why, says the young student, *I would lend him another shilling*.—This answer so well pleased the judges, that they afterwards consulted, and admitted him.

A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit from one court to another; to whom the client replied, Let him remove to the *devil*, if he pleases, *I am sure my attorney, for money, will follow it*.

Cardinal Wolsey was first minister of state to Hen. VIII. and in great favor with him. He was a proud, insolent, and vicious prelate, and falling under disgrace, he was sent for by the king; but dying on his journey between York and London, he left this testimony behind him, *to the honour of religion and virtue, viz. Had I served my*



*God as zealously as I have served my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age.*

A nobleman, before a numerous assembly, told a worthy divine, who was soliciting him for a living then vacant, and in his lordship's disposal, No, no, Doctor; talk no more of it; but prithee, man, learn to dance. — The doctor, not at all abashed, smilingly replied, He should be incorrigible not to improve with his lordship for an instructor, who had long taught him to *dance attendance*. Have I so, doctor, says the Earl; then e'en take the living, and my daughter Sophia shall teach you to turn your toes out.

There was a patron in England that had a benefice fallen into his hands, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man to carry them to his master. — The man accordingly presented him with the dish of apples, saying, Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice. — Tush, tush, said he, this is no apple matter, I will have none of his apples; I have as good as these in my own orchard. The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master had said. Then, replied the priest, desire him to give one of them for my sake; he shall find them better than they look for. — He accordingly cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. Marry, quoth he, this is a *good apple*. The priest standing not far off, and hearing what the gentleman said, cried out, They are all as *one apple*, I assure you, sir; they all grew on one tree, and have all one *taste*. Well, he is a *good fellow*, let him have it, said the patron, and get you a *graft of this tree*, and I'll warrant it to you in better stead than all *St. Paul's learning*.

A poor but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large



large family to maintain, had been under the necessity through some expensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting debts with several of the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time, for fear of being troubled; and, in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed on a friend to officiate on Sundays for him. He however considered that this way of life could not last long, he took courage and resolved to preach on the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the New Testament, in these words:

*Have patience with me and I will pay you all.*

He divided his discourse into two general heads: First, *Have patience with me.* Secondly, *And I will pay you all.*—He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue, patience; after which, *And now,* says he, having done with my first head, viz. *Have patience,* I now come to my second and last general head, which is, *And I will pay you all.*—*But that I must leave for another opportunity.* Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him more.

A gentleman once was called upon a jury at the Old Bailey, but he being distressed in circumstances resolved to turn upon the road to mend his fortune, upon which he ordered his barber to make him a scarlet wig, which he wore, and robbed two gentlemen; after which he threw the wig away. A countryman with his team travelling the road, picked it up, and admiring it, throws off his cap and put on the scarlet wig, thinking it was the fashion in London; he soon after arrived in town, and the two gentlemen who were robbed seeing the countryman, immediately took him in custody, supposing him to be the man who robbed them; he was brought up to the Old

Bailey

Bailey for trial, and swore to by the two gentlemen.—The real highwayman was on the Jury, who thought it a cruel circumstance that an innocent man should suffer, and putting on the wig, said to the gentlemen, Who was it robbed you? O, says the gentlemen, it was you, you are the man, we are sure.—Then says the judge to them, Why you two will say it is me if I put on the wig.—*You have already sworn to one, and you want to swear to another; turn them both out of court, or they'll swear to me next.*

A very ignorant person, but extremely foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went there to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book and smile, asked him, what there was in that book to make him smile?—Why, answered the other, this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack: Is it so? says he, pray let me see it; for I never knew before that I had such an honour done to me. Upon which, taking it into his hand, he found it to be Perkin's Catechism, dedicated to all *ignorant persons*.

A drunken fellow having sold all his goods to maintain himself at his pot, except his feather-bed, at last made away with that too; when being <sup>re</sup>proved for it by some of his friends; Why, said he, I am very well, thank God, and why *should I keep my bed.*

A gentlemen being arrested for a pretty large sum of money, sent to an acquaintance, who had often professed great friendship for him, to beg that he would bail him; the other told him, that he had promised never to be bail for any body; but with much kindness said, I will tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else, *if you can!*

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When king Charles the First was in great anxiety about signing the warrant for the Earl of Stafford's execution, saying, it was next to death to part with so able a minister, and so loyal a subject; a certain favorite of the king's standing by, soon resolved his majesty, by telling him, that in such an exigence a man had better part with his *crutch than his leg*.

Some rattling young fellows from London putting into a country inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there, says one of them, you shall see me dumb-found that countryman. — So coming up to him, he gave his hat a twirl round, saying, there is half a crown for you, countryman. The former, after recovering a little from his surprise, reared his oaken towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulder, saying, I thank you for your kindness, friend, there is *two shillings of your money back again*.

A person having been put to great shifts to get money to support his credit; some of his creditors at length sent him word, that they would give him trouble. Pox, said he, I have had trouble enough to *borrow the money*, and had not need be troubled to *pay it again*.

A country-woman being sick, bequeathed her sow with pig to the parson, who thinking she would hardly recover, came soon after and took the sow away. — The good woman recovering, asked for her sow, and being told the parson she had left it to, came when she was very bad, and had taken her away. Bless us, says she, the parson is worse than the devil, for one may call upon him twenty times to take one before he will do it, but I did but once bid the *parson take my sow*, and he fetched her immediately.

A lady, whose beauty was very much upon the decline, having sent her picture to a gentleman that was to come  
a wooing

a wooing to her, bid her chambermaid, when she was coming to dress her, to take care in repairing her decays a little, or she should not look like her picture. I warrant you, madam, says she, laying on her bavarian red ; a little art made your picture like, and now a little of the same art shall make you like your picture ; your picture must fit to you.

A termagant sempstress coming to hunt a young fellow at his lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his landlady hear ; she began to open her quail pipes at a great rate, but was presently seized with a fit of coughing. Lord, says she, I have got such a cold I can hardly speak. Nay, as to that, says he, I care not how softly you speak. Do not tell me of speaking softly, says she, I insist upon it, that you let me have my money, or I will take the law of you.—Do, says he, then you will be forced to hold your tongue, for the law allows no body to *scold in their own cause*.

One who had married a light-heeled wife, instead of an innocent country girl, which he took her for, was severely rallied upon the discovery by his acquaintance. Among the rest, a young lady having been very severe with him, he called to her lover, who was present, saying, sir, take off your wasp, I will have a fly-trap else. You will have occasion for it, says she, your wife has been *blown upon*.

When recruits were raising for the late wars, a serjeant told the captain, that he had got him an extraordinary man : Ay, says the captain, prithee what is he ? A butcher sir, replies the serjeant, and your honour will have a double service for him, for we had *two sheep-stealers* in the company before.

A harm-



A harmless country fellow having commenced a suit against a gentleman who had beat down his fences, and spoiled his corn: When the assizes drew near, his adversary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way.— Well, says the fellow, I am resolved I'll up to town, and the king shall know it. The king know it, says his landlord, who was an attorney, prithee what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way? Why, sir, says the poor fellow, I have heard you say, that the king could make a man a *peer* at any time.

A lady seeing a tolerable pretty fellow, who by the help of a taylor and a sempstress had transformed himself into a beau, said, What a pity it is to see one whom nature has made no fool, so industrious to pass for an ass: Rather, says another, we should pity those whom nature abuses, than those who abuse nature; besides, the town would be robbed of one half of its diversion, if it should be a crime to *laugh at a fool*.

The Roman Catholics made a sacrament of matrimony, and in consequence of that notion, pretended that it concerns grace: The protestant divines do not carry matters so high, but say, this ought to be understood in a qualified sense: and that marriage so far confers grace, as that, generally speaking, it *brings repentance*, which every body knows is one step towards grace.

A lady who told another she had a mind to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young fellow she did not like, said she could not tell how to provoke him, he was so very assiduous and submissive. 'Slife, said her friend, I'd spit in his face. Alas! said she, that will not do; when men are fawning, like lap-dogs, *they will take that for a very great favor*.

An extravagant young gentleman, to whom the title of Lord, and a good estate, was just fallen, being a little  
harrassed

harrassed by duns, bid his steward tell them, that whilst he was a private gentleman he had leizure to run in debt ; but now being advanced to higher rank, he was too *busy* to pay them.

A wild young fellow, that had spent his fortune, being asked, what he intended to do with himself? said he designed to go into the army. How can that be, says one, you are a Catholic, and cannot take the oaths. You may as well tell me, says he, that I cannot take orders because I am an atheist, I ask your pardon, replied the other, I did not know the strength of your *conscience* so well as I did the weakness of your *purse*.

A gentleman complaining of a misfortune, said it was along with that drunken sot, his man, who could not keep himself sober. With respect to your worship, said the fellow, I know very few drunken sots that do *keep themselves sober*.

An English gentleman travelling to France, and made choice of an abbot, as wicked as himself, for the companion of his pleasures. One of his countrymen told him, That though the abbot and he differed about the way to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the *devil together*.

A very grave person being carried before a magistrate for having a little thing as big as a bastard laid to him ; one that was passing by, asked what was the matter? Only, says another, an old gentleman is apprehended upon suspicion of *manhood*. Manhood! cries the former, what has he committed murder? Quite the contrary, says the other ; he has committed fornication, and *got a subject, not killed one*.

A countryman in the street enquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, said he would shew him presently.

presently. Do but cross the way, said he, to yon Goldsmith's shop, and move off with one of those silver tankards and it will bring you there presently.

A certain priest in a rich abbey in Florence, being a fisherman's son, caused a net to be spread every day on a table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his origin; the abbot dying, this dissembled humility procured him to be chosen abbot, after which the net was used no more. Being asked the reason, he answered, there is no occasion for the net now the *fish* is caught.

A farmer, who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exercises, such as wrestling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many occasions to try his skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him; among the rest a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion; and being told that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand, till he came where he found him at work; so hanging his horse upon the pails, he accosted him thus: That having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him. The champion, without more ado, came up to him, and closing with him, took him on such an advantageous lock, that he pitched him clear over the pails; and with a great deal of unconcern, took up his spade, and fell to work again: the fellow getting upon his legs again, as nimble as he could, called to speak to him. Well, says the champion, have you any more to say to me? No, no, replied the fellow, only to desire you would be so kind as to *throw my horse after me*.

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favor of the lawyer, in these terms: *Let the thief go before and the executioner follow.*

Three young conceited wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudly merry : Good-morrow, father Abraham, said one : Good-morrow, father Isaac, said the next : Good-morrow, father Jacob, cried the last. I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, replied the old gentleman, but Saul, the son of Kish, *who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo ! here I have found them.*

A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of All Fours unfinished, in which he had the advantage ; but told his antagonist he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out. Now for fear any tricks should be played with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock ; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve ; he had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was : which he readily did ; When turning to the parents of the child : Are you not ashamed, said he, to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments ? *I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.*

An ingenious young gentleman, at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the colleges at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of scripture for his text. *What ! cannot ye watch one hour ?* At every division he concluded with his text ; which, by reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awaked him. This was so noted among the wits, that it was the jest of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-  
L. F. C Chancellor



Chancellor, that he complained to the archbishop of Canterbury, who, willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some excuses, he at length consented: and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the first and sixth, waver not*: meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland. At first the king was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary. After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford to make his recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of the former text: *Sleep on now, and take your rest*. Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, Whereas I said before, which gave offence, *What, cannot you watch one hour?* I say now, *Sleep on, and take your rest*; and so left the University.

A humourous affair occurred during the Luggershal election. A country dealer having occasion to go that way and observing several coaches preparing to set off with some of the voters from this city, stepped into one of them, and unnoticed partook of all the good things attendant on the journey!—When he finally alighted at the place of destination, one of the agents observing him to be without a ribband, very civilly asked him to accept of a favor.—*Favor, sir*, replied the other, *I am very well satisfied with the favour I have already received, and as I am not qualified to return you the favor of a vote, I cannot think of accepting any more.*

A plain country fellow, born in Essex, coming to London, which place he had never seen before. As he walked in a certain street, not a great way from Mark-lane, espied a rope hanging at a merchant's door, with a handle

handle to it, and wondering what it meant, he took it in his hand, and played with it to and fro; at length, pulling it hard, he heard a bell ring. It so happened, that the merchant being near the door, went himself and demanded what the fellow would have. Nothing, Sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty thing which hangs at your door. What countryman are you, said the merchant. An Essex man, an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, said the merchant, for I have often heard say, *that if a man beat a bush in Essex, there presently comes forth a calf.* It may be so, replied the countryman, and I think *a man can no sooner ring a bell in London, but out pops a cuckold.*

A gentlewoman delighting in a plurality of lovers, chanced to admit to her embraces two gentlemen who loved one another entirely, but were unacquainted with each other's intrigue. One of them having lain with this gentlewoman one night, lost his ring in the bed, which the other found in the morning after. The day following the first sees it on his friend's finger. After a great many arguings about it, they came to understand one another's intrigue. The man who lost it demands his ring, the other refuses; at last it was agreed that it should be left to the next comer-by, who should have the ring. It chanced to be the husband of the woman, who hearing the whole matter, adjudged *the ring should belong to him who owned the sheets.* Marry then, said they, *for your excellent judgment you shall have the ring.*

A gentleman riding near the forest of Whichwood, in Oxfordshire, asked a fellow, what that wood was called. He said, Whichwood, Sir. Why, that wood, I tell thee. He still said, Whichwood. I think, said the gentleman, thou art as senseless as the wood that grows there. I may be so, replied the other, *but you know not Whichwood.*

A conceited person, after he had written several verses in praise of his mistress, beginning first with her head, and so proceeding upon every member down to her feet, missing no part but her neck: Oh, said one, there is good reason for that, *he reserves the neck verse for himself, knowing he shall have occasion for it hereafter.*

A noble lord, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship, to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for this living. Why, really, said my lord, *I wish you had come a day sooner, but I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;* so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

A person not belonging to Merton College, put his horse into a field thereunto appertaining; being warned of so doing, and he taking no notice thereof, the master of that college sent his man to him, bidding him say, if he continued his horse there, he would cut off his tail. Say you so? said the parson: Go tell your master, if he cuts off my horse's tail, I will cut off his ears. The servant returning, told his master what he said; whereupon he was sent back to bring the person to him; who appearing, said the master, How now, Sir, what mean you by that menace you sent me? Sir, said the other, I threatened you not, for I only said, *if you cut off my horse's tail, I would cut off his ears.*

A youth standing by whilst his father was at play observing him to lose a deal of money, burst into tears. His father asked him the reason why he wept? Oh, Sir, I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he  
heard

heard his father Philip had conquered a great many towns, cities, and countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to win ; but I weep the contrary way, *fearing you will leave me nothing to lose.*

A rich citizen of London, in his will, left something considerable to Christ's Hospital, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant sons. At the funeral the Blue-coat boys were ordered, in acknowledgment of so great a gift, to sing before the corpse to the grave. As they marched along Cheapside this extravagant son led his mother, who, observing the boys made a rest, he opened his pipes in such a manner, that he was heard almost from one end of the street to the other ; and still leading his mother, he continued thus singing till a kinsman came to him, and stopping his mouth, asked him his reason for his irreverent and indecent carriage. Why, cousin, said he, *the boys there at my father's death sing for something, and will not you let me sing for nothing ?*

A bridegroom, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her, When I solicited your chastity, if you had condescended, I would never have made you my wife, for I did it only to try thee. Faith, said she, I did imagine as much, *but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolved to be fooled no more.*

A Lord intending to take in great part of a common belonging to a town, had agreed with the carpenter to have it railed in. My Lord, says he, it shall be done, and I think I can save you some charges in the business: For, says he, do you but get posts, and I doubt not but all the neighbours round about will find you railing enough.

A young Italian gentleman being led by curiosity into Holland, where having lived some time, conversing with the most ingenious, was one day set upon by a Protestant minister, who would needs engage him in a controversy



about religion. The young gentleman knowing himself too weak for the encounter, begged his pardon, and endeavoured to wave the discourse; but the more he avoided it, the more hotly he was pressed by the minister, whereupon the young Italian, in a very great passion, conjured him by all that is good, to let him alone in peace with his religion. For, said he, *I cannot embrace yours, and if you make me lose my own, I will never make choice of any other.*

A brave Dutch captain being commanded by his colonel to go on a dangerous exploit against the French, with forces that were unlikely to atchieve the enterprize, the captain advised the colonel to send but half so many men? Why so, said the colonel? Because, replied the captain, *they are enough to be killed.*

A person of quality coming into the church, to the place where several of his ancestors were buried: after he had said much in their commendation, and praised them for worthy men, Well, said he, *I am resolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible.*

The Bishop of D——m had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the House of Peers, relating to a provision for officers widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other, as usual, in his breeches; and beginning to speak, I have something in my hand, my Lords, said he, for the benefit of the officers widows. Upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupted him, asked, *In which hand, my Lord?*

In consequence of a great clamour made at Covent-Garden Theatre, on the evening of Edwin's benefit, on their being disappointed of a Prologue to a new farce, as was promised, Mr. Edwin came on the stage and assured them, the gentleman that had undertaken it had  
broke

broke his word, having faithfully promised to send it him that morning, which he had not done ; and besides, good folks, cried a wag in the pit, consider this is the *first of April*, therefore do not let us be out of humour at being made fools of, according to ancient custom. This stroke set the house in a roar, and the piece went on without any further interruption.

One evening, in a riot at the stage door of Drury-lane, a performer wounded a young fellow (who had drawn his sword upon him) slightly in the hand. The spark presently after came into one of the green boxes, over the stage door—The play was *Macbeth* ; and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, the tragedian repeated *and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood*. The young fellow bawls out, *Ay, reeking indeed ! what does your conscience prick you ? you rascal, that's my blood you drew just now*. The actor giving him a severe side glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, *Damn your blood, I say* ; and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.

A London rider, returning home from a long journey, very much fatigued, went to sleep at night without performing some duties, which his wife thought it necessary and indispensable for him to go through. The next morning, on going into the kitchen, he saw his boots burning upon the fire, and his spurs broke. Upon enquiring into the cause, his wife replied, *Why, my dear, what occasion have you for boots or spurs when you have left off riding ?*

It is well known to those who are in the habits of visiting the treasury, that the first lord's office is upon the first floor, that of the secretary of state, at the top of the building. Towards the latter end of 1783, when Lord North came into Mr. Fox's administration, as

secretary of state, the first day he attended office, thinking of his former situation, he was for turning into the old apartments. No, my lord, says a person with him, your present office is much higher up. Is it so, says his lordship, why then I find the truth of the old proverb, *farther on and fare worse*.

A merry fellow went to the celebrated Dr. Graham, and finding him within, begged to speak with him in the most private manner; the Doctor accordingly took him into a room secluded almost from light, and then begged him to explain his case. The fellow urged on the Doctor the utmost secrecy, saying, if it should come by any means to his friend's ears, he should be ruined, &c. The Doctor assured him of his taciturnity. Well, says the fellow, I believe, Doctor, you are the only man that can cure me. The Doctor replied, he had no doubt but, let his case be ever so desperate, he could effect a perfect cure. The fellow then begged to describe his disorder, which he did in the following manner: I have been a sad raking dog, and so. Oh, says the Doctor, I understand you, I have made that disorder my constant study, as such, can remove it in the most obstinate cases. Well, goes on the fellow, as I was coming up Fleet-street—you picked up a lady, I suppose, says the Doctor. No, says the fellow, but seeing one of your men giving bills away, I took one, and having occasion a little after to evacuate, I used one of your bills, which proved so small, that I befouled my fingers, therefore all I beg is, *that you would print them on larger paper, to prevent like accidents in future.*

A female sharper having looked out several pieces of silks at a mercer's facing the above celebrated Doctor's, after having a bill and receipt finished, begged the man of the shop to send them over to the Doctor's in a few minutes, and she would there pay for them. The lady afterwards went to the Doctor's, whom she begged to speak with, and then accosted him as follows. Doctor,  
I have

I have a very near relation of mine, who has been a very great rake, and has thereby contracted a most vile disorder, he is withal so very modest, that he will not confess his disorder to any one, and indeed I found it out by mere accident. I have by a stratagem of pretending you want silks, persuaded him to visit you, and hope you will insist on knowing his disorder; and if you will effectually cure him, I will most thankfully repay the obligation. The doctor assured her he would comply with her request, and he did not doubt but he should make a perfect cure of him. The lady then retired, and going down stairs, met the man with the silks, which she took from him, saying, *Go to the Doctor who is up stairs, and he will pay you for them.* The misunderstanding that then must take place, is better conceived than expressed; but no doubt when they came to perfectly understand each other, they must admire the ingenuity and the plan; The Doctor would laugh with reason, while the poor mercer would hardly know whether to laugh or cry.

A couple of Irishmen, from the county of Kilkenny, meeting together, one had got lately married, Arrah, says the first, and how d'ye, and so you are after being married. Yes, faith, says the other, this eight weeks or two months. Ay, faith, says Patrick, 'twas a fery unkindly done of you, not to invite me to the wedding after it was over, that I might ha' been after throwing the stocking: well, now, and what sort of a wife have you got? for, upon my shoul, I shall never recover my surprise, if you do not tell me, and what sort of a family you're after getting? Why, Patrick, says Conno, *you know I am coal white, and she is coal black, and all our family is like to be pye-balls.*

A country fellow overthrew a cart full of onions into a pool of water, *Ha*, said he, *there wants nothing but salt and oatmeal to make good porridge.*



Whilst an ode of Cibber's was one day performing at court : Cibber being present, a popinjay of state wanted to enter into conversation with him. Cibber cut him short by saying, *My dear Lord, be silent, I only now want to hear my own nonsense.*

Lord Melcombe, whose Diary was published a few years since, to the disgrace of his memory, as it proved him to be a mean, fluctuating, venal character, was, when his name was plain *Bubb*, intended by the administration of that time to be sent ambassador to Spain. While this matter was in contemplation, Lord Chesterfield met him, and touching upon the proposed embassy, told *Bubb*, that he did not think him by any means fit to be the representative of the crown of England, at the Spanish Court. *Bubb* begged to know the ground of his objection. Why, said his lordship, your name is much too short, — *Bulb — bub —* do you think the Spaniards, a people who pride themselves on their family honours, and the length of their titles, will suppose a man can possess any dignity or importance with a name of *one syllable* ; and which is pronounced in a second ? No, my friend, you must not think of Spain, unless you make some addition to your name. *Bubb* desired his lordship to say, what he would have him do. Lord Chesterfield pausing a moment, exclaimed, I have it — *what do you think of calling yourself Silly Bubb.*

A captain of a man of war, who had got a circle round him, in one of the rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with some wonderful phenomenon which he had seen at sea ; when, looking round, and perceiving a gentleman laugh, he grew angry, and said, he did not believe him. Why, said the gentleman, did you see it ? Yes, I did, answered the captain. Well, if you saw it, said the gentleman, I will believe, *but I would not believe it if I had seen it myself.*

The captain, however, soon after returned the compliment ; for the gentleman was one of those who shot with

with a long bow, or in other words, paid but little regard to truth, in his sallies of wit and humour; and having told a most confounded story, the captain gave a hem; upon which the other made up to him; and so, captain, says he, you won't believe this? Why, yes, says the captain, I will to oblige you;—*but I would not believe such another lie for any man upon the face of the earth.*

A person describing a snuff box he had seen, which was an Egyptian pebble set in pinchbeck, said it was *a gipsy's nipple set in pinch-gut.*

Lady Grosvenor being asleep in her closet, with the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle before her, her Lord happened to step in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the Practice of Piety, and so left her. When she awaked she presently perceived the trick, and his lordship entering, while the book was yet in her hand, he took occasion to compliment her on her ladyship's reformation. Nay, nay, answered the lady, let our reformation go hand in hand, I beseech you—when you, my Lord *practise the Whole Duty of Man, then I will read the Practice of Piety.*

When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire, at Old Slaughter's coffee-house; a gentleman just opposite to him, who was superscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engrossed the fire, calls out, *Pray, young man, have you got any sand about you?* No, friend, says Swift, *but I have got some gravel, and if you will give me your letter, I will piss upon it directly.*

Two comedians belonging to Covent-Garden Theatre, having a wager about which of them sung the best, they agreed to refer it to Dr. Arne, who undertook to be ar-

bitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed, to the best of their abilities, before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: As for you, Sir, addressing himself to the first, you are by much the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life. Ah, said the other, exulting, I knew I should win my wager. Stop, Sir, says the doctor, I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, *that as for you, Sir, you cannot sing at all.*

A certain smatterer in letters, being one day at the Bedford coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse, with great freedom, all the modern literati, observing that there was very little wit, humour, or learning in the present age. Some time after Dr. Hayes, well known by the name of Count Hayes, came into the room, when a gentleman was telling him how his friend had been abusing the *moderns*. I have not the least doubt of his ill nature, says Hayes, so he would the *ancients* too, if he knew their names.

When the Duke of Grafton was a boy, he lived very much with his aunt, the Countess of Harrington, and at this time of life, (though of a very thin delicate constitution) gave evident signs of an amorous disposition.—Among the rest of his amours, he very warmly solicited my lady's woman, and one evening behaved so indecently to her, that she was under the necessity of complaining to her lady. How is this, Sir, says her ladyship, that you can behave so rude in my house? Lord, madam, says the other, to tell you the truth, Nancy did look so charming, *flesh and blood* could not refrain. Come, come, Charles, returned her ladyship, let me hear no more of such doings in this house: it may be an excuse for *flesh and blood*, but I am *sure it can be none for skin and bone.*

A gen-

A gentleman named Ball, being about to purchase a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the Colonel for approbation, who, being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no balls in his regiment: *No, nor powder neither, said the gentleman, if your lordship could help it.*

A person in London, writing, or rather meaning to write to a friend in the country, to direct to him at the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, or at Mr. Jocelyn's, an apothecary, under the Piazza, Covent Garden, wrote as follows: "Dyewrest for me; at the Serjeant's Head, in Sowwal, or at Mr. Jaw flings potty carrier, under the Phha Common Garding."

A certain Irish gentleman making strong love to a great fortune, told her, *he could not sleep for dreaming of her.*

When the Coterie was first established, one of the general rules was, that *two* members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club; one of the elderly ladies, not so very scrupulous in private, was however, for making an alteration in this rule, by insisting on the number being *three*; for says she, suppose a lady and a gentleman might happen to meet first, would it not be an awkward situation? Not at all, madam, said Lord Har——g——n, who happened to be present, for you know, a gentleman and a lady can readily make a third.

Upon an extraordinary occasion, there was a ball at Wapping. The men concerned in it were made up of a crew of sailors and colliers. The colliers, who came in last, observing the sailors, contrary to their expectation, to be spruced up in their best cloaths, withdrew into another room to wash their faces, and brush themselves; when the head of the Colliery, who was more cunning than the rest, said to them, Look ye, lads, it is all fruitless pains; if you



will be ruled by me, let us go into the great room, and jostle among the sailors for their places; *and I will engage, though we cannot make ourselves as clean as they are, we shall quickly make them as black as ourselves.*

A woman having a cross-grained husband, hard to please, she desired him to write down what she should do, and what she should not do, that she might not err in her performance. This was done, and she well observed her rules; when one day, going a mile or two to visit a friend, the good man got light headed, and on his return home, he reeled into a ditch, calling to his wife to help him out. Indeed, husband, said she, I remember no such article in my orders; but I'll go home and see, and if there be, I'll come and help you: or else you must get out as well as you can, for I am resolved not to break them.

Once, as the Prince of Conde was passing on foot thro' a town in France, under his father's government, the chief magistrate of the place, who was an old man, met him, and began to make an oration with the best rhetoric he could. But the prince being in a frolicsome humour, took advantage of a very low congee the old gentleman made him. The magistrate not taking any notice of this wild prank, turned very gravely about, and addressed himself with a new obeisance, but not so low as the former. However, the nimble prince caught him upon the half bend, and setting his hands upon the old monsieur's shoulders, whipt over again a second time; which quite spoiled his intended speech, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

A constable, whose name was *Nott*, being upon the watch, a jolly fellow, who had some little knowledge of him, was brought before him; and then demanding where the constable was, the other strutting with his staff, said, I am he. You are *Nott* the constable, replied the other. Then said Mr. constable *Nott*, I say I am the constable, and that you shall

shall find, to your sorrow, if you dare deny my authority once more. You do not hear me, replied the other, deny your authority; for I say, *you are Nott the constable*. Well, take him to the compter. And the next morning the Constable's ignorance appearing, in not knowing his own name, when he heard it, he was ordered to pay the fees; and give the party he had committed a treat of a guinea, to be friends with him.

During Lord Townshend's residence in Dublin, as viceroy, he often went in disguise thro' the city. He had heard much of the wit of a shoe-black, known by the name of blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door; having found him out, he stopped to get his boots cleaned, who was no sooner done than his lordship asked Peter to give him change for half a guinea? Half a guinea! your honour, said the ragged wit, change for half a guinea from me, by G —, Sir, *you may as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle*.—His lordship was so well pleased, that he left him the bit of gold and walked off.

The first night the pantomime of Fortunatus was performed last season, at Drury-lane Theatre, a player was placed at the wing to go on and relieve one of the *petrified* figures that appear in succession in that piece.~ Go on! go! said the Prompter, when it came to his turn, 'tis not my turn yet, said the fellow, I am not to go on till Mr. Grimaldi is *putrified*.

The day before Miss Satchell was married, she was in company where the merit of the *great* Kemble was the topic; a lady turned to Miss Satchell and asked her, with a significant smile, which was the *great* Kemble? Upon my word, said the young lady, with a deep blush, I cannot now inform you. In a day or two after the nuptials, the lady paid her a visit of congratulation, and asked her if the great Kemble had been to visit her? Visit me! visit me! said the pretty bride, *Lord, my dear, I am in possession of the great Kemble!*

The

The late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George's, Southwark, where he had been many years rector, called among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account; to prevent being first asked for a settlement, enquiring if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger there appeared a balance of 17s. in favour of the tradesman; the doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some half-pence, a little silver and a guinea. Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprise, exclaimed, Good God, Sir, you seem to have got a *stranger* there? Indeed I have Mr. Fig, replied the wit, returning it again very deliberately into his pocket, *and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*

The following anecdote has been related by an American gentleman, and may be depended on as a fact.—When the British and American armies were near each other, in the neighbourhood of German Town, five Hessian foldiers, who had straggled into the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army: he immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender; they supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters. General Washington wondered at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, asked him, how he, a single man, could capture five? Why, says the Irishman, *please your Excellency, by Jafus, I surrounded them!*—The General, who was seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

An Englishman and Dutchman disputing about the goodness of their different countries; says the Dutchman your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it, you have your  
Portf-

Portsmouths, your Dartmouths, your Exmouths; and you are all mouths together. Ay, replies the Englishman, and you have your *Amsterdams*, and your *Rotterdams*, and G—  
 d—— you all together, say I.

The D. I. O. of lady Wallace, was a joke in circulation some time ago at Bath— A silly custom took place among the affected people of fashion who frequented that place, of using initials in their cards, instead of intelligible words. The card left on taking leave of the place was P. P. C. which turned into language, was *Pour prendre conge*—A plain Englishman, to ridicule this affectation, left a card at every house where he had visited with the letters D. I. O. which engaged the curiosity, and exercised the penetration of the tabbies at the tea table for a week, when the gentleman, in a letter to a friend, condescended to tell them its meaning, viz. *Damne I am off*.

Madam Rollan, who lately died at Paris, was a principal dancer, at Covent-Garden, as far back as fifty years past, when she was held in that public esteem, that having one day sprained her ankle, no less an actor than *Quin* was ordered by the managers to make an apology to the audience, for her not appearing in the dance. *Quin*, who, in addition to his aversion of the French, looked upon all dancers as the mere garnish of the stage, at first demurred, but being threatened with a forfeiture, he growlingly came forward, and in a coarse way, thus addressed the audience,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am desired by the manager to inform you, that the dance intended for this night, is obliged to be postponed on account of Mademoiselle Rollan having dislocated her ankle, *I wish it had been her neck, the B—— damme*.

Macklin being asked by a gentleman in the boxes, what sort of a dancer Madam Rollan was? he replied, Why, Sir, *about half a century ago we had nothing like her*.

Mr.



Mr. Palmer going home after the business of the Theatre was concluded one evening, saw a man lying upon the ground, with another upon him, beating him most violently. Upon this he remonstrated with the uppermost, telling him that his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up, and have an equal chance with him. The fellow drolly turned his face to Mr. Palmer, and drily replied, "Faith, Sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily."

When the celebrated Miss Catley was making one of her annual excursions to Ireland, in company with some of her brethren and sisters of the stage, the weather was so bad in going from Holyhead to Dublin, that most of the passengers kept in the cabin. Just as they were entering Dublin-bay, a heavy sea laid the vessel down, after sweeping every thing from the deck. A well-known master of music popping his head up to enquire what was the matter; Catley answered him, *Oh, Sir, it is only water parted from the Sea in a forte strain.*

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who lived at Chelsea; after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account—Oh, madam, replied the doctor, I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes, who was looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for? *I am searching,* says Diogenes, *for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves.*

A poor player having lent one of his comrades a small matter, spoke to him one night behind the scenes, in Covent

vent Garden Theatre. By G —, Tom, those two guineas I lent you ought to be paid me ; you know I am in great distress. Do not talk to me about it, said the other, by heavens, within this week I will take care to pay you *in some shape or other*. You will oblige me, replied the creditor, *and pray let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as possible*.

An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to spend his money, though he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public house where it was proposed to spend six-pence a piece ; the young spendthrift, not contented with this reasonable expence, insisted that it should be a shilling ; saying he knew no *difference between a shilling and six-pence*. To which a sly old economist replied, *But you will, young gentleman, when you come to be worth but eighteen-pence*.

Beau Nash took a hack one night at Temple Bar, and bade the man drive to Berkley-square. The fellow, who had been wishing for the usual time of his going home, swore, as he was mounting the box, that he should be glad to drive his fare to hell. Do you consider, said Nash, *when they were come to Berkley-square, that if you had driven me to hell, as you said just now, you should be glad to do, you must have gone there yourself*.—You mistake, Sir, replied the fellow, *for I should have backed you in*.

A certain Lord Chancellor of a neighbouring kingdom, was no better than the son of an alewife. While he was in this high station, a countryman, who held a considerable farm under him, came one day to pay him a large sum for rent. Dinner was just over, and my Lord was drinking a bottle with some guests of quality ; knowing his tenant, though a rustic, to be a man of some vanity, he thought he should gratify that, in a high degree, by admitting him into the dining room, and therefore, with an apology, begged his company's permission for so doing. He was accordingly

ly introduced, and, after a few scrapes, seated himself modestly enough at an end of the side-board. A few complimentary questions being over, about his health, and that of his good wife and children, my lord told him, there were variety of liquors; but that, as he supposed, wine (being unused to it) might not be altogether suitable to his palate, the butler should fill him a bumper of good October. The Farmer had sense enough to take this degradation of his taste for an affront, and was resolved to revenge it. He drank the beer, and, when it was down, smacked his lips, as if he was highly pleased. My lord fancying that to be the case, merrily asked him how he liked it? Why, really, replied the arch rogue, I cannot say but that it is very good; *and yet, by my faith, I think that I have drank better at your mother's, the Crooked Billet, formerly, for two-pence per quart!*

Two gentlemen, who were near neighbours and intimates, lived very happily many years with their respective wives. At length one of the husband's dying, and likewise the wife of his friend, the two survivors, after a certain time, thought proper to make a match. But, though each of these had been very happy in a former marriage, they were now quite otherwise, and there was no agreement between them. The husband opening himself here-upon to one of his acquaintances, I cannot conceive, said he, how it is; I was very happy with my first wife; so was my present wife with her former husband; and yet we two cannot agree by any means: but there are everlasting squabbles between us. 'Tis very strange.—Not so strange as you seem to think it, said his acquaintance, I can explain it very easily. Of you four persons, you two husbands with your two wives, *there were two that were wise, and two that were foolish. The two wise ones were taken away, and the two fools are left alive.*

Some

Some time ago, Mr. Wilkes, dinining at Dolly's Chop-house, met with one of the aldermen; who, tho' against him in the city, he very civilly accosted. To which the other made as furly and churlish a reply. However, Wilkes took no further notice, than tipping a wink to his companion. Presently the alderman began to be very riotous for his dinner, frequently calling out, *My steak, my steak, my steak!* which at length was brought him: then Wilkes, turning to his next neighbour, said, pretty loud, Pray, Sir, observe the difference between Dolly's Chop-house and the Bear-garden. *There the bear is brought to the stake; here the steak is brought to the bear.*

An Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted on the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn? *Why,* replied the Oxonian, *the nearest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money!*—Are you sure of that? replied the traveller, then drawing a pistol out of his pocket, *as I am for expedition, your money this instant.* The wag submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his joke.

Quin, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him; and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited on his lordship, but found the regale far from answering his expectations—Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall. Quin finding that if he gave to each of them, it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, Which was the cook? who readily answered, Me, Sir. He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, *Here is half a crown for my eating:* and to the other, *Here is five shillings for my wine; but, by G—, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life.*

A pun-



A punster going along the Strand, when a great mob of spectators was gathering to see a malefactor pass to his execution at Charing-cross, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the crowd, What was the name of the fellow going to be hanged? He answered, one *Vowel*!—Ah! said the quariest, *Do you know which of them it is, Sir, for there are several of that name?* No, returned the other, I do not. Well, said the wag, this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, *that it is neither U nor I.*

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* had got poring over a *manuscript* of the Greek comic poet *Aristophanes*, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage.—Oh! says Pope, *farcaftically, by all means, pray let the young man look at it;* upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, *that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible, which was really the case.* And pray master, says Pope (piqued perhaps at being out done by a red coat) *what is a note of interrogation?*—A note of interrogation (replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, *is a little crooked thing that asks questions!* 'Tis said, however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living. Said the Welchman, there is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner. Ay, answered the Englishman, *that was because every man toasted his own cheese.*

When

When it was reported that Dr. Ford, one of the Patentees of Drury-lane, had sustained a considerable loss by not succeeding in opening a coal pit, near Oxford, a certain genius at the Bedford, said, he must certainly be very avaricious, or else he might content himself with the opening of the *pit* in Drury-lane, which was superior in value to any coal-pit in England; and with respect to the *vein* he should endeavour to discover, it was the true vein of humour, suited to the taste of the town.

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony, Oh, madam, answered she, it would be a heavenly life, *if the first night would last always.*

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Alexander Stevens what was to be seen? Only a *cobbler's end*, replied he.

A smart fellow, thinking to shew his wit one night at a tavern, called to the drawer. Here, Mercury, said he, *take away this bottle full of emptiness.* Said one of company, *Do you speak that, Jack, of your own head.*

Quin, one day, after a pretty long walk, dropt into a chop-house not far from Somerset-House, and asking the mistress what she had ready, she replied, that there was some nice veal *a-la-daube* quite hot. Well then, said he, let me have some *daubed* veal, I think you call it. A plate was accordingly brought him, which he presently dispatched, and had another; this was gone in a trice, and he had a fourth, fifth, and sixth, which might perhaps altogether weigh about three quarters of a pound. Upon enquiring what was to pay, the mistress told him *twelve shillings.* By G——, madam, it must be a mistake; how do you sell your daubs a pound? Sir, she replied, rather pertly, we do not sell it by the pound! No, said he, I find you do not; but, by G——, *you sell it at half a crown an ounce.*

The

Some ladies in the green room, whose legs were remarkably pretty, and as such displayed them by short petticoats, were mentioning an excursion and entertainment they had at Richmond — that there were not proper vegetables: some liked peas — some liked cauliflowers — at last it came to *Quick's*: for my part, says *Jack*, ladies in your company should have been contented with *turn-ups*.

An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him, that he was in the most extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. Good, my lord, replied the officer, for heaven's sake do not mistake; *the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's, for she has fed me on credit for above twelve months.*

Jemmy Whitley having once been absent from company about a week, *hunting for a town*, on his return, he was resolved to watch the motions of his gentlemen. Accordingly, wrapping his great coat loosely round him, to pass the door-keeper unobserved, he paid down his money, and placed himself in a corner of the pit. The play was *Richard the Third*. The performers not being very accurate in their parts, he, with a pocket book and pencil, set down each blunder upon paper, in order that, when Saturday morning came, he might stop the forfeits of their salaries. He frequently expressed his disapprobation, by distorting his muscles, in a sort of tragi-comic grin, at every blunder that was made. At length comes on the catastrophe, when the herces, Richmond and Richard, were determined to surprise the audience with a good fight. Accordingly, to it they fell — the one with an old broad sword and the other with a rusty foil — and kicking up a terrible riot, this sham fight had the desired effect, inasmuch that a lady, knowing Whitley, exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Mr. Whitley, stop the gentlemen, or they will murder one another!" The manager drily answered, "Do not frighten yourself, madam, — they are too intent upon murdering the play to hurt themselves."



*Count Gomez & Don Diego of Seville.*



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A gentleman, whose father had been robbed of a considerable quantity of plate, dined with the son of a wealthy man, supposed to have been a receiver. A large silver tureen was brought to the table without a cover. I am admiring your tureen, said the guest to his host, not so much for its fashion or value, but from the extraordinary circumstance, that a cover *I have got at home will exactly fit it.*

A quaker being examined by a judicious counsel, as he was retiring, another counsel on the same side asked him a question which he did not chuse to answer: I have told all I know to the counsel, said the quaker. *I am counsel also,* answered the barrister. Thou may'st be counsel also, replied the quaker, *but thou art not counsel likewise.*

A man indicted at the commission of oyer and terminer, for a rape, set up for his defence, that the prosecutrix having frequently come to his garden to steal beans, he told her, if ever she came again she should not return without a green gown; and this he proved by a witness. On being acquitted, Mr. Howard, a barrister, remarkable for his humour, said to him, my friend, you have taken a very good method to *save your bacon, but a very bad method to save your beans.*

Charles Bannister, on hearing a dispute on the merits of his own voice and that of Reinhold's, observed to the disputants.—I assure you, gentlemen, my friend Reinhold has the advantage; *his notes being not only softer, but much more acceptable than mine.*

A judge suspected of bribery, checked his clerk for having a dirty face, *I plead guilty, my Lord,* said the clerk, *but my hands are clean.*

L. F.

D

Not

Not long since an Alderman gave at a city feast for his toast, an *increase to trade*.—Bravo! exclaimed an undertaker, a *green Christmas makes a fat church-yard*.

After the performance of *Love in a Village*, Banister observed, that Mrs. Wilton's *Madge* was her *best part*.

A gentleman farmer, observing to one of his threshers, that he had been informed another farmer's labourer had threshed out a load of corn between sun and sun; the rustic replied, *then, measter, it must have been one of Joshua's days, when he commanded the sun to stand still*.

A respectable City Merchant, but plain both in manners and dress, having some business lately at the west end of the town, stepped into a coffee-house in the Mall to refresh himself; among the company in the room were a couple of Westminster Jemmies, who occupied the fire by roasting their more ignoble part, in the attitude so excellently represented in the humorous French print of the English fire side—inclined to roast also the merchant, one of them exclaimed, *Smoke the cit*: the merchant took not the least notice, but read his newspaper with great composure—this encouraged the Jemmies to approach him with, *Any news, Mr. Quidnunc?*—Yes, sir, *I was reading an advertisement of two strayed puppies, and perhaps, young gentlemen, you can give some account of them*.

A humorous affair happened during the Luggershall election; a country dealer having occasion to go that way, and observing several coaches preparing to set off with some of the voters from this city, stepped into one of them, and unnoticed partook of all the good things attendant on the journey; when he finally alighted at the place of destination, one of the agents observing him to be without a ribband, very civilly asked him to accept of a *favor*—*favor, sir*, replied the other, *I am very well satisfied with the favors*

*favours I have already received ; and as I am not qualified to return you the favour of a vote, I cannot think of accepting any more.*

During the King of Prussia's last painful illness, that eminent physician, Dr. Zimmermann, of Hanover, attended him. One day, when he waited upon his Majesty, the King said to him,—*You have, Sir, I suppose, helped many into another world.*—*Not so many,* replied Zimmermann, *as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself.*

While the King of Prussia was laying out his garden at Sans Souci, a mill was in his way, and he ordered the miller to be treated with for the purchase of it. The miller was very loth to sell his mill, and the King offered to build him another in any part of the country he should chuse. But all was in vain ; the miller would not part with the old family mill. *Don't you know,* said the King, *that if I please I may take your mill, turn you out, and not pay you a farthing for it?*—*Aye,* replied the miller, *that you might, if there was no such thing as a supreme court of justice at Berlin.* The King laughed heartily, left him his mill, and altered the whole plan of his garden.

The King once rang the bell in his cabinet ; but as nobody answered, he opened the door of the anti-chamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to wake him ; but coming nearer, he observed a paper in his pocket, upon which something was written. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out, and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follows:—*'She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary, and had sent to her, which had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it: and if he continued to serve God and his king faithfully and conscientiously, he could not fail of success and prosperity in this world.'*—Upon reading this, the



King slept softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it, with the letter, into the page's pocket. He then rang so long, till the page awoke and came into the closet. '*You have been asleep, I suppose,*' said the King. The page could not deny it? stammered out an excuse; put, in his embarrassment, his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the King with tears in his eyes. *What's the matter with you?* said the King. *Oh!* replied the page, *Somebody has contrived my ruin; I know nothing of this money.—What God bestows, returned the King, he bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother; give my respects to her, and inform her, that I will take care both of her and you.*

A short time before the King's death, a good appointment had been given to a Subaltern in his army. The warrant was, as usual, laid before the King for his approbation and signature; but, instead of signing it, he drew under it a man hanging upon a gallows; having recollected some particular occurrence in which he had behaved improperly, and rendered himself unworthy of promotion.

A celebrated Chief Justice being on the midland circuit, a Mr. Shirley, of the county of Leicester, was brought before him, charged with having committed a rape on the body of one of his tenant's daughter's; the judge was remarkable for possessing an uncommon share of delicacy, and therefore, on the day preceding that of the intended trial, ordered the crier of the court to give notice, that it would come on the next morning at seven o'clock; thereby trusting that the female sex would absent themselves on such an occasion: instead of which the ladies came pouring in numbers into the court by six o'clock: at length the judge having heard all that the witnesses had to say in support of the charge, desired the prisoner would enter upon his defence. Mr. Shirley therefore

therefore informed the court, that as he was one evening walking over the ground, he espied his prosecutrix carry away a bundle of faggots from a pile that belonged to him, and observing that she was a handsome girl, he jocosely told her, *If ever he caught her repeating the transgression, he would assuredly repay himself in a way most agreeable to his wishes.* Business calling him the next day to town, he was absent about a fortnight, and on his return home, one of his servants desired to know whether he had given permission to a young woman to carry away faggots from such a pile, for that she had done it every evening since his departure; it immediately recurred to him, that it must be the girl he had seen before; and about the same hour he repaired to the old spot, where he had not waited long, before she made her appearance: to be brief, he jocularly desired the girl to *make personal restitution*, which, without hesitation or reluctance, she complied with; Mr. Shirley, in short, was honourably acquitted; but before he departed the court, the judge desired to give him one piece of advice; *If, says his lordship, you should ever find a woman stealing your faggots again, do not threaten her with such a punishment, for if you do, believe me, that the ladies in the gallery will not leave you a stick in your hedge.*

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-cross, and entreated him to get it for her. The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the house. The mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose; and upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the

house, to avoid suspicion; but forbore saying any thing of the bird, till about two years after; when, taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman,—*I would have bought that bird of you, and you refused my money for it, I dare say you are by this time sorry for it.*—Indeed Sir, answered the woman, *I am not; nor would I take any sum for him; for, would you believe it? from the time that our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note.*

Sam. Foote was invited to a convivial meeting at the house of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval. Lord Sandwich was one of the guests upon the same occasion. When the Comedian entered, the peer exclaimed, *What are you still alive?*—Yes, my Lord, replied Foote, *Pray, Sam, retorted his lordship, Which do you think will happen to you first, the experience of a certain disease, or an intimate acquaintance with the gallows?*—Why, rejoined the comedian, *that depends upon circumstances, and they are these, whether I prefer embracing your lordship's mistress, or your principles.*

A young fellow, who had more fortune than wit, being at dinner, at the house of a gentleman of distinction, a young lady that was there was taken with a fainting fit, and while every body hastened to her assistance, some with smelling bottles, and some with other helps, proper on such occasion; says the spark, with a sneer, *There is no great danger, I suppose it only a breeding qualm;* Sir, says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe tone of voice, *The lady is a sister of mine, and has been a widow these two years.*—Pardon me, replied the spark, who did not extremely like his looks, and was willing to palliate the offence, *she looks so young and innocent, that I took her for a maid.*

Some



Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link boy cried, *Have a light, gentlemen? — Light yourself to the devil, you dog,* says one of the company. — *Bless you, master,* replied the boy, *I can find the way in the dark; shall I light your honour there?*

A gentleman riding through a river, which he supposed deep, bid his servant go before. But he, to shew his politeness, replied, *I never will be guilty of so much ill-manners; pray, sir, do you cross over first.*

A man having a scolding wife, he swore he would drown himself; she followed him, and desired him to forbear, at least to let her speak with him. *Speak quickly then,* says he. *Pray, husband, if you will needs drown yourself, pray take my counsel, to go into a deep place, for it will grieve my heart to see you a long time dying.*

In a great storm at sea, when all expected to be cast away, they went to prayers; in the midst of their devotion, a boy falls a laughing. The captain asked him, *What he meant by it?* *Why, truly, sir,* said he, *I laugh at that man's fiery nose there, to think what a hissing it will make by and bye, when it comes into the water.*

A physician's horse being out of order, he sent him to the farrier to be cured, which being done, the Doctor went to pay him, *No,* said the farrier, *We doctors never take any money one of another.*

As a thief was going to the gallows out of the town, near Norwich, many boys ran to see the execution; which he seeing, called to them, saying, *Boys, you need not make so much haste, for there will be no sport till I come.*



A young bride undressing herself unwillingly, and crying, *Well, child, says her mother, I wish I were to take thy place to night.*

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him, how her nephew behaved himself? Truly, madam, says he, he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall*, (the name of a college there.) I vow, said she, I feared as much; he had always a *hankering after the wenches from a boy!*

A citizen was saying in company, that he had never seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said, at the same time shewing him one of her ears, Here, sir, is an ear of Rye, which, if you please, you may behold. The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave her a pinch, Now, madam, said he, you have a *wry face too.*

A dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her; notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alledged, it was none of his business. Very well, said the master; but pray, what do you call your business? To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu. You say right, answered the master, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, *that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive*

*drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.*

A gentleman having a rundlet of sack in his house, a friend of his coming to visit him, he invited him down into the cellar to taste his sack; where, said he, for want of another cup, I have an excellent *Cain* to drink out of. No, I thank you, Sir, said the other, for I know, then I shall not be *Able* to come up again.

A notorious thief being to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty, upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in not guilty. The judge bid them consider of it again; but still they brought in their verdict, not guilty. The judge asked them the reason; the foreman replied, there is reason enough, *for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world.*

Dr. King, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, among a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-sauce; but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above pickles reserved dry for his own use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him: I here present you, my lords and gentlemen, said he, with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, *That you saw an archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*

Some years ago, Dr. Johnson being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became

became the subject of conversation. Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary. This dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, you are certainly in the wrong, Sam; but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come *breeched to the capital of late years*.

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly Old Hock; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *hic, læc, hoc*. However, the waiter paid no attention to his command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock. Really, gentlemen, said he, I thought you had *declined it*.

Two girls of Whitechapel, disputing about precedence, one the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune. You are to consider, miss, said the brewer's daughter, that my pappas keeps a coach. Very true, madam, said the other, and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray.

Mrs.——, who had married a husband of great good nature, but a little deficient in point of understanding, was reproached by her brother-in-law, who told her in derision, that she had coupled herself to a fool. So has my sister, says she, *for no man of sense would ever endeavour to give any woman a mean opinion of her husband*.

A certain highwayman used to rob on the highway, dressed in the attire of a clergyman, and it was observed by a wit, *he like them collected his tythes*.



An Oxford scholar being informed that a carrier who stopped at the door, was an arch fellow, thus attacked him. Why, they tell me, my friend, that you are a very wise man. May be so, says the fellow. And that you know all London, continued the scholar, and every body in it; pray can you tell me where I live? In *Knaves Acre*, says the carrier; Ay, but I am about to move, says the Oxonian: *And that will be to Tyburn*, quoth the other.

A few weeks ago, as a gentleman in one of the coffee-houses East of Temple-bar, was reading to a group of city politicians, the late famous speech of Lord Shelburne, in which his lordship expressed his opinion, That our very women were able to beat back the French, if they should attempt an invasion of this country; a naval gentleman immediately jumped up, and striking his fist against the table, cried, Right, my boy! damme if I doubt it, and I hope to see the day that some of the *Monseurs* shall receive a sound drubbing from a British ship *manned with women*.

A gentleman crossing Ludgate-Street, was applied to by a man who sweeps the crossing for charity. The gentleman replied, I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return. Please your honour, says the man, *it is unknown the credit I give in this way*.

A gentleman who had a numerous family, observing once at a table, that thank God he could digest any thing; another asked him how he digested his ten children? O, sir, said the gentleman, *I bring them up*.

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer in the Company's service, said, he thought it a juice extracted from womens tongues and lions hearts; for after he had



drank a bottle of it, he said, *he could talk for ever, and fight the devil.*

A man in Flanders dreamed one night that he was a cuckold, so he went to a priest to desire him to confess his wife, especially in that point. Well, says the priest to him, because you are my loving friend, I will lend you my gown and hood, and you shall take her confession yourself. This very priest had lain with this man's wife several times; so while he was waiting for his wife's coming, the priest went and told her the intrigue, and that her husband was to take her confession; so when she came to him, and after many simple questions that he asked her, confessed to him, *that she had only lain with three men; that was a young man, an old man, and a Friar*; so he came home, as he thought, undiscovered; as he was at work, he would often be crying, the young man, the old man, and the friar. Troth, husband, I believe the Priest has told what I confessed to him, and I did indeed confess so to him, for I did so, I lay with a young man, an old man, and a friar; and yet, husband, these three are but one; for I lay with you when you were a young man, and I lie with you now you are an old man, and are you not the friar which I made my confession to? Therefore all these three were only you, my dear husband. Is it so, my honest and chaste wife? Well, *by my faith, thou hast given me such great satisfaction in point of thy honesty, that I should be both fool and knave to question it any more.*

An impudent fellow dined so often at a gentleman's house, that he grew quite weary of him: and seeing him there one day desired dinner to be put back. The fellow, after waiting some time, enquired when dinner would come up. Truly, Sir, says the servant, *not till you are gone, so it is but a folly for you to stay.*

A Philosopher

A Philosopher being blamed by a stander-by, for defending an argument weakly against the emperor Adrian, replied, *What, would you have me contend with a man that commands thirty legions of soldiers.*

A painter turned physician, upon which change, a friend applauded him, saying, you have done well; for before, *your faults could be discovered by the naked eye, but now they are hid.*

It being told Antigonus, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the field of battle, that the enemy would shoot such volleys of arrows as would intercept the light of the sun. I am glad of that, replied he, *for it being very hot, we shall then fight in the shade.*

On the death of Cardinal Fleury, the Royal Academicians wished that Voltaire might succeed him as a member of that society. The ancient bishop of Mirepoix opposed Voltaire, under a pretence, that it would be an offence to God, should a profane person, like him, succeed a Cardinal.

Mirepoix was a dull bigot, and Voltaire took all opportunities to laugh at his absurdities. The Bishop usually signed his letters *Anc. Eveque*, &c. Voltaire always read *Ane*, or *Afs*, for *Acien*, or *Ancient*, and this joke passed from Paris to his correspondents in the courts abroad. Mirepoix soon heard of his nickname, and complained bitterly to the King that he was laughed at for a fool in foreign courts. *Oh!* said Louis, *that is a matter quite settled, and you must let it pass, my lord.*

Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. I shall soon put that to the test, said the King; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door was opened, he bade him pass and go in. The other bowed, and obeyed. The King said,

said, *The world is in the right in the character it gives. Another person would have troubled me with ceremony.*

King William having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, was told that his Lordship was quarrelsome in his cups. He laughed and said, he would defy any man to quarrel with him, as long as he could make the bottle go round. What was foretold, however, happened; and Lord Pembroke was carried from the room and put to bed. When told the next morning what he had done, he hastened to the palace, and threw himself upon his knee. *No apologies, said the King; I was told you had no fault in the world but one, and I am glad to find it is true, for I do not like your faultless people.* Then taking him by the hand, he added, *Make not yourself uneasy, these accidents, over a bottle, are nothing among friends.*

Santeuil, a celebrated writer of Latin hymns, in France, during the last century, having once a confessional dress on, a lady, who took him for a confessor, fell upon her knees, and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself. The penitent, thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession; and, when she found the confessor quite silent, she then asked him for absolution. *What! do you take me for a priest?* said Santeuil, — *Why, then,* said the lady, quite alarmed, *did you listen to me?* — *And why,* replied Santeuil, *did you speak to me?* — *I'll this instant go and complain to your prior,* said the enraged female. — *And I,* said the poet, *will go to your husband, and give him a full account of your conduct.*

A few days after the Rye-house plot, Charles II. was walking in St. James's Park, without guards or attendants; the duke of York afterwards remonstrated with him on the imprudence of his conduct. *Take care of yourself, brother James,* replied the King: *Don't make yourself*



*yourself uneasy about me ; for no man will kill me, to make you king.*

A clown once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of doctors at a university. He was asked what pleasure he could take in viewing such combatants, when he could never know so much as which of the parties had the better. *For that matter,* replied the clown, *I an't such a fool neither, but I can see who's the first that puts t'other in a passion.*

When Congreve was asked by a court lady, why, in his comedies, he made so free with the sex? *Because,* said the bard, *I draw my characters from nature.*

Some time after the late Lord Waldegrave abjured the catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin the duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen, were present, the duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his lordship, whether the *ministers* of state, or the *ministers* of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion?—*I am astonished,* my lord duke, says Waldegrave, *how you can ask me such a question! Do not you know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off confession.*

Several years ago, Dr. Arne produced an operetta at Covent-garden theatre, called *The Rose*, which, though there were many scriptural allusions in it, was hissed off the stage the first night. Foote getting into the lobby of the house just after its fate, was asked by an acquaintance, what he really thought of it.—*Why, abating the piety of it,* says the wit, *I must confess I never saw a piece so justly damned in my life.*

Rochefoucault, the French Rochester of Louis the fourteenth's court, having offended the king, hired a dung-cart,



cart, and stripping himself quite naked, got up to the chin in it, just as his majesty was passing through the streets of Paris in state. The dung-cart man, as instructed, immediately fell a wrangling with one of the king's postillions, which occasioned so much noise, that the king put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault, watching the opportunity, raised himself forward in the cart, all beinired as he was, and bowing very respectfully to his majesty, replied,—*Nothing at all, sire, but that your coachman and mine have had a fracas together.*

When a certain nobleman was made lord lieutenant of Ireland, it was hinted to him that the crown would spare him the trouble of looking out for a secretary. His lordship, however, immediately replied, that he had fixed upon one already, an attorney of his acquaintance, whose honour, good sense, and fidelity, he had the greatest assurances of. *Poh, poh*, says the officer of the crown, who was speaking to him, *all that may be, but then he'll not do for a secretary. There you and I differ*, says his lordship, ending the conversation, *I know of no place that a man of good sense and integrity is not fit for.*

Professor Smith, of Glasgow, was enumerating to Dr. Johnson the many fine prospects which were to be seen at Edinburgh and its environs. When he had done, Dr. Johnson said, “*I believe you have forgot to mention the best prospect of the whole. What is that?*” said the professor:—*The road from Edinburgh to London.*

During the last war with France, Lord How was suddenly awakened from his sleep by an officer, who, in haste, told him the ship was on fire close to the powder-room. His lordship coolly replied,—*If it is so, we shall soon know it.* Some minutes afterwards, the lieutenant returned, and told his lordship he had no occasion to be afraid, for the fire was extinguished. *Afraid!* replied lord

lord Howe, hastily ;—*What do you mean by that, sir, I never was afraid in my life!*

When the Duke of Nivenois was Ambassador in England, he was going down to lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite dishabille, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80l. a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chess-board hanging up; and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist.—*I am your man, says the Duke. —With all my heart, says the parson,—and if you'll stay and eat pot luck, I'll try if I can't beat you.* The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the state of his family affairs,—and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months passed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:

*The duke of Nivernois's compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and, as a remembrance for the good drubbing he gave*

gave him at cheſs, begs that he would accept of the living of —, worth 400*l.* per annum, and that he will wait on his grace the duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the ſame. — The good parſon was ſometime before he could imagine it any thing more than a jeſt, and was not for going; but as his wife inſiſted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unſpeakable ſatisfaction.

Mr. Quin was at Tunbridge for his health, when a certain oratorical gentleman burſt out into ſuch extravagant fits of laughter, in the aſſembly room, that he drew the obſervation of all the company upon him. Coming up to Quin, he aſked him, if he had ever ſeen a man in ſuch ſpirits before? — Yes, once, replied the wit, but then he was in Moorfields.

Mr. Quin, upon his firſt coming to Bath, found himſelf very extravagantly charged for eatables and drinkables, as well as lodging and waſhing. At the end of the firſt week, he took aſide Mr. Naſh, Maſter of the Ceremonies, who invited him to Bath, as being the cheapeſt place in England for a man of taſte and a *bon vivant*. Mr. Naſh, who loved his joke, and knew that Quin loved a pun as well as himſelf, replied, *They have acted by you upon truly Chriſtian principles.* How ſo? ſays Quin. — *Why,* reſumed Naſh, *you was a ſtranger and they took you in,* — *Ay, but,* ſaid Quin, *they have fleeced me, inſtead of cloathing me.*

As Quin and another gentleman were paſſing one evening through St. Paul's Church-yard, their attention was attracted by a mob of people, who were aſſembled to hear a man relate, *That there had been a chimney on fire in the Borough; that he had ſeen, with his own eyes, the engines go, in order to extinguiſh it; but that it was quite got under before they arrived.* Upon ſeeing the attention of ſuch a concourſe of people attracted by ſo very unentertaining a detail



a detail, Mr. Quin and his friend could not help reflecting upon the natural curiosity of Englishmen, which was excited by the most trifling circumstance;—and very frequently by no circumstance at all. *Let us try,* said Quin, *an experiment upon our countrymen's curiosity.* This was immediately agreed to; and they accordingly repaired to the opposite side of the church-yard, where, having taken a convenient stand, and staring up to the stone gallery, Quin gravely said, *This is about the time.*—*Yes,* replied the other, taking out his watch, and looking at it under a lamp, *this was precisely the time it made its appearance last night.* They had now collected at least a dozen inquisitive spectators, who, fixing their eyes upon the steeple, asked, *What was to be seen?* To this Mr. Quin replied, *That the ghost of a lady who had been murdered, had been seen to walk round the rails of the stone gallery for some evenings, and that she was expected to walk again to-night.* This information was presently spread through the multitude, which, by this time, was augmented to at least a hundred. All eyes were fixed upon the stone gallery, and imagination frequently supplied the place of reality, in making them believe they saw something move on the top of the balustrade. The joke having thus taken, Quin and his companion withdrew, went and passed the evening at the Half-moon tavern in Cheap-side, and, upon their return, between twelve and one, the crowd still remained in eager expectation of the ghost's arrival.

Charles V. Emperor of Germany, passing once by a village of Arragon, on Easter-day, a person met him, who, according to the custom of the country, was crowned Paschal King, and said, gravely to him,—*Sir, it is I that am king.*—*Much good may it do you,* says the Emperor as gravely; *you have chosen a troublesome employment.*

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Harwich to Holland, and a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under



under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom.—*Why, observed the wit, that will suit your genius to a title; as for my part, you know I am only for skimming the surface of things.*

Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding his diminutive and misshapen figure, was not a little vain of his person, having asked Swift what people thought of him in Ireland: *Why, said Swift, they think you are a very little man, but a very great poet.*—Pope retorted with some acrimony.—*They think the very reverse of you in England.*

It is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union Act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker, said, *Mr. Speaker, I conceive;*—but could go no farther;—then rising again, he said, *Mr. Speaker, I conceive*—Still unable to proceed he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than—*Mr. Speaker, I conceive;*—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose and said, *Mr. Speaker, I am very sorry to find that the Honourable Gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing.*

A certain genius, who had more wit than prudence, could not avoid observing the great attachment his patron's lady had to the vociferous bawling vulgarly called scolding; and in one of his scribbling moods he penned an ode to a vixen, which he thought so good a piece, that he could not refrain shewing it to his friend, who was greatly pleased with the thought, and desired a copy. *Why should you want a copy, sir,* replied the wit, *when you have been so long in possession of the original.*

An Irishman being in company, was joked on the inaccuracy of their talk and their frequent blunders in conversation: to which he replied, he thought the pope had misplaced their tongue as well as their legs, *which were unusually thick at bottom.*

A Scotch clergyman, whose wife was a descendant of the famous Xantippe, in going through a course of lectures on the Revelations of St. John, imbibed from this obtruse writer an opinion that the sex had no souls, and were incapable of future punishment. It was no sooner known in the country, that he maintained this doctrine, than he was summoned before a presbytery of his brethren, to be dealt with according to his delinquency. When he appeared at the bar, they asked him, if he really held so heretical an opinion. He told them plainly that he did. On desiring to be informed of his reason for so doing—*In the Revelation of St. John the Divine, said he, you will find this passage, And there was silence in heaven for about half an hour.* Now I appeal to all of you, whether that could have happened, had there been any women there; and charity forbids us to imagine that they were in a worse place: thereby it follows, that they have no immortal part, and are exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world.

A Roman Catholic gentleman went a partridge-shooting along with a protestant neighbour of his on his fast-day: they were driven about noon, by a thunder storm, to a little public-house, where they could get nothing to eat but some bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a tender conscience, and would eat nothing but eggs; the Protestant, his companion, who was one of your *good sort* of people, said, there could be no harm in his eating a bit of bacon with his eggs; that bacon could not be called flesh; that it was no more than a red-herring; it is fish, as one may say. So the Catholic took a bit of bacon with his  
eggs;

eggs; But just as he had put it into his mouth, there came a most tremendous clap of thunder; upon which the poor Catholic slipped it down upon his plate again, muttering to himself—*What a noise here is about a bit of bacon!*

Dean Swift used to say—I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and frumity with butter, and herb porridge, and the four devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks.

A barber who generally shaves for a penny, and had lately the good fortune to marry a handsome wife, with a trifle of money, happened to call in at a neighbour's, who keeps a school; the children at that time were reading their lesson, and one of the boys coming to the following passage in the New Testament, viz. *It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven*; the barber suddenly started and turned pale, and with tears cried out, *If that is the case, the Lord have mercy upon me, what will become of me, then!*

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*Curious Sign Post in the Country.*

**BEARDS TAKIN OF AND REGISTURD!**

**BY ISAAC FAG-TOTUM.**

*Barber, Peri-wig-maker, Surgon, Parish clark, School-master,  
Blacksmith, and Man-widwife.*

Shaves for a pence, cuts hare for two-pence, and oyld and powdird into the bargain. Young ladys genteely edicated in reding, righting, &c. Lamps lited by the yere  
or



or quarter. Young gentlemen also taut their grammar language in the neatest maner, and great kear taken of their morels and spelin. Also, salm singin and horse shewing by the real maker! likewise makes and mends all sorts of Butes and shoes, teckes the Ho boy and Jews harp, cuts corns, bleds and blisters on the lowest terms; glisters and purgins at a penne a peace. Cowtillions and other dances taut at hoam and abroad. Also, deals hole-sale and retale—Pisummary in all its branchis. Sells all sorts of stationary wair, together with blacking balls, red herrins, gingerbred and cole. Scrubbin brushes, treycle, mouce traps, and other sweetmetes. Likewise, godfathers cordial, red rutes, tatoes, passages, and other gardin stuff, with the best tobacco by the ream, quire or single sheat, and so on.

P. S. I teaches joggresfy, and them out-landish kind of things. A bawl on Wensdays, and Frydays. All pirformed (God willin)

By Me, ISAAC FAC-TOTUM.

N. B. Also, likewise, bewary of counterseits; for such is abroad.

\* \* \* This the only origanel enventor of that famoufest licker so much in woge called cuckholds cumfert or arts heafe—If you wont believe me—ax the landlord and he will give you a glafs to taste—but you must give him the money for it first.

At the time the famous Jew Bill was debating in the House of Commons, Mr. Pelham finding the arguments running strongly against him, and that Mr. L——, who had a very happy method of delivery, had made no small impresson by his last harangue, rose up and told the following story.—“I remember (said he) travelling a few years ago, in Somersetshire, with two ladies who were sisters. We were in a very easy carriage,—the roads were remarkably good,—and we went on particularly pleasant. Notwithstanding this, one of the ladies was in continual terror, crying out at every little jolt,—‘O, dear



dear, sir, we shall be over!—We shall certainly be killed!—I wish I had never ventured on this journey!—Bless me! there again!—well, we shall positively never get out alive.—Finding this lady so extremely timorous and apprehensive, I enquired of her sister whether the coachman was a sober man, and understood his business. To which I was answered,—‘She had never seen him intoxicated,—that he had driven them for many years, without any accident having ever happened,—and that there was not a more able coachman in the whole country. I then enquired if he was acquainted with the road? To this I was also answered,—‘Nobody knew it better, and that he had driven them that very road, at least fifty times. These informations made me greatly astonished at the lady’s terrors, which not only continued, but seemed much increased. Her sister, perceiving my surprise at her behaviour, desired me—to make myself quite easy, for that her sister was really under no apprehensions; but that fancying herself possessed of an agreeable voice, she took every opportunity of hearing it.

Soon after the accession of King James to the crown of England, in one of the tours he made round his kingdom, he was entertained by the Earl of Scarborough, at his seat at Lumley Castle. A right reverend bishop, a relation of his lordship, who was there on a visit at the same time, thinking, no doubt, to possess his Majesty with a grand idea of the importance of the family of his noble relative, began to make his Majesty acquainted with a genealogical detail of every person who had existed in a long continued line of his lordship’s progenitors, and attempted to deduce the origin of the family from a period so remote, that it exceeded every degree of credibility. The King, whose patience was at length quite exhausted, stopped short the reverend genealogist’s narration, by saying, *Dear, sir!—go no farther;—let me digest this knowledge I have gained;—for, upon my honour, I never knew before that Adam’s surname was Lumley.*

F I N I S.



